



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2016

<https://archive.org/details/lehighgoblet194604unse>

GOBLET

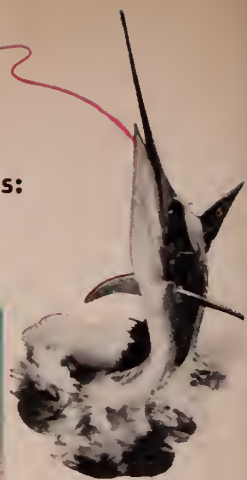


The Sailfish are running



OFF PALM BEACH—Andrea Hammer has hooked a big one...and the battle begins. Here she gives him line as he jumps and tailwalks.

INTO THE BOAT—after a 40-minute battle. This blue-and-silver beauty measured seven feet ten inches. It's another handsome catch for Mrs. Hammer...an enthusiastic angler for several seasons.



Noted angler ANDREA L. HAMMER agrees:
"In fishing—and in cigarettes too—
EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!"

SMILE OF VICTORY—Back on shore, Mrs. Hammer lights a Camel and poses with her trophy. Like so many smokers, Mrs. Hammer has tried several different brands of cigarettes—and compared. Camels suit her best!

MORE PEOPLE ARE SMOKING **CAMELS** THAN EVER BEFORE!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

WITH smoker after smoker who has tried different brands of cigarettes—and compared them for mildness, coolness, and flavor—Camels are the "choice of experience"! And no wonder! For Camels are made from choice tobaccos, properly aged and expertly blended.

Try Camels yourself. Make your own comparison—in your "T-Zone"—that's T for Taste and T for Throat. Let your taste give you the good news on Camel's rich, full flavor. Let your throat report on Camel's cool-smoking mildness. See if Camels don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."



Let your "**T**-Zone" tell you why!

T for Taste...

T for Throat...

that's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."



According to a Nationwide survey:

More Doctors smoke Camels than any other cigarette

Three leading independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors what cigarette they smoked. The brand named most was Camel!

A BULWARK OF THE AMERICAN FREE

ENTERPRISE SYSTEM



But Isn't Lehigh an Engineering University?

TO THOSE who realize that the College of Arts and Science is one of the three important units which make up Lehigh University, an illustration of a class in comparative anatomy will come as no surprise. Nor do the deans of outstanding medical schools need an introduction to Lehigh graduates.

But still the notion persists that Lehigh University is limited to engineering education.

The many career opportunities in such fields as public service, law, medicine, journalism, and conservation are only a few that are available to the Lehigh Arts and Science graduate. And preparation is such that success in schools of graduate study is virtually assured.

The College of Business Administration, too, offers preparation for fields that are an eye-opener to those who have only associated Lehigh with the transit and the test tube. Special curricula are designed for those planning careers in accounting, merchandising, finance, government service, and business law. And variations of study to meet the needs of more specialized fields are arranged with expert guidance.

Most important is the interrelation of the Colleges of Engineering, Business Administration, and Arts and Science to the end that every Lehigh student has the opportunity to cut across the imaginary boundaries of his profession; to graduate with an understanding of his fellow men and the world in which he lives.

Lehigh University

IN BETHLEHEM, PENNSYLVANIA



The Lehigh GOBLET

VOL. IV—No. 1

OCTOBER 1948—25c

CONTENTS

	Page
Lehigh Boy	4
<i>John Timmins</i>	
The Juliet Profession	5
<i>Walter Beaupre</i>	
Houseparty Folklore	7
<i>Emerson Virden</i>	
The Student Takes A Wife	7
What's Wrong With American Women	8
The Paint Is Still Wet	10
<i>Joseph Kelley</i>	
The Proper Burial	11
<i>Eugene Williams</i>	
Lehigh After Four	12
<i>Dave Rudd</i>	
The Imps of Satan	14
<i>James F. Keegan</i>	

STAFF

EDITOR.	ED LEVINE
BUSINESS MANAGER	FRANKLIN ARMSTRONG
FACULTY ADVISOR.	CLOYD M. CRISWELL
EDITORIAL—Norton McKnight, John Timmins, Gordon Atkin- son, Jim McNamarra, Roy Gaines, Robert Flynn.	PHOTOGRAPHY—Dave Rudd, Thomas Mart.
LAYOUT—John Wisotzkey, Jr., Don Styer, Otto Ehlsam.	ADVERTISING—Irwin W. Young, Ted Madfis, John McAlonan, Bill Gladsrone, Art Bondy.
ART—Dave Ertelman, Bill Gug- enheim, Richard Brady, Al Beardslee, Jack Martini.	FINANCE—Edward Ernest, Clye Hayward, Jr.
	CIRCULATION & PUBLICITY Joseph Kelley, O. H. Hewit, Frank Hewit.

David D. Rudd, a sophomore in the Business College, is responsible for the excellent photography in the Houseparty Number. Craftsmanship developed in the preparation of his prints for national exhibitions reveals itself in the cover, the double-page spread, the Contents page tower, the small portraits of this issue and certain of the advertisement cuts. Mr. Rudd graduates in June, 1951, and plans to make photography his profession.



The Goblet

The staff of *The Goblet* is anxious to obtain a distinctive and attractive seal to be used as a permanent decoration on the Staff page of the magazine. If possible, the design will grace official letterheads; and it may be put to other appropriate uses.



Editorial

Members of the student body, whether of the magazine staff or not, are invited to submit suggestions in the form of written ideas or sketches for such a seal. The selected design must embody the spirit of a University magazine (See Editorial in this issue) and may, or may not, contain a goblet form.

A Welcome to Houseguests

Since any considerate escort will wish his girl friend to have this guide in the event he gets lost, and since it will doubtless occur to him to present her with this souvenir of a memorable weekend, the *Goblet*, speaking for its staff and the men of Lehigh University, wishes to add to any escort's welcome, a note of welcome all its own. Not only are the attentions of a male student body yours, fair visitors, but the campus and its accommodations. May you enjoy being with us as much as we enjoy the prospect of entertaining you.

An Invitation to Students

Is the *Goblet* of University tone? The question has been raised as to whether the general level of the average university man is that of a high school sophomore or higher. The Staff of the *Goblet* shares with the large majority of its campus supporters the opinion that a university magazine should be a medium through which the tastes and talents of the entire student body might be given expression. Not the tastes of one isolated group; not the talents of one select clique.

In the past the *Goblet* strove to reach a standard of excellence, and in individual articles often met that standard; but student response on the whole was not heartening. In the interest, then, of preparing a magazine worthy of attention, not only the attention of Lehigh men but also that of friends beyond the hedges of South Mountain, we wish to state our editorial policy:

1. We strive for subject matter of appeal to the student body primarily.
2. We strive for a high level of literary excellence, both in humorous and serious compositions.
3. We strive for a high level of artistic quality.
4. We strive for a production that justifies our soliciting of advertising.

Realizing that such a program can best be achieved by the sympathetic and whole-hearted support of those associated with the University in any capacity, we invite our readers to submit their expressions, serious or otherwise, that we may select the best, and within our power, give the best.

As a further effort toward producing an appealing and stimulating magazine, we place the following innovation before you. Each of the next several issues will be prepared by a different Editor. Any man having interest in publications is invited to submit original material in any literary form—article, essay, editorial, poem, short story—on a subject of his choosing. Upon the material submitted we hope to build our next issues; and in the authors we hope to find our next editors.

Cover Girl...

Norma Boldt is a senior at Moravian College for Women, a Medical Technician. Her interest in Lehigh University involves a Kappa Sigma pin and Harvey Winne. She is especially interested in George Gershwin's music, and she is a dance enthusiast. Her home is in Olney, Philadelphia. At Moravian she lives in Clewell Hall. After graduation and several years of work, she will consider marriage.



Lehigh Boy

(With a passing nod to Mr. John Greenleaf Whittier)

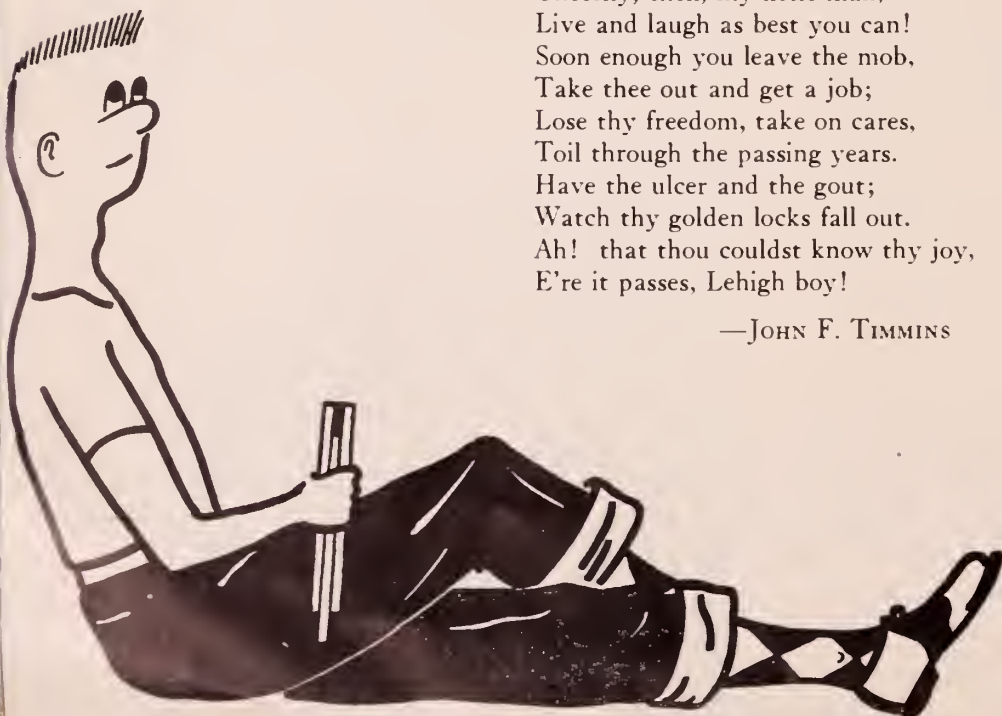
Blessings on thee, Lehigh man,
Engineer, with slid-rule an'
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy shining Lookout moons;
With thy woman, femme fatale,
Kissed by Artsmen on the hill;
With each semester's rapid pace,
And the weekend on thy face,
(And the ice-bag on thy head)—
Man, you should have stood in bed.

Oh, Houseparty's painless play,
Nights that melt to laughing day,
Girls with eyes like limpid pools,
Knowledge never learned in schools.
For, eschewing books and tasks
Nature answers all he asks;
All the earth: his to enjoy—
Blessings on thee, Lehigh boy.

Oh, exams in early June,
Cramming knowledge with a spoon;
When the things that e're were taught—
How forty years the Indians fought,
How to make blue litmus red,
How long is the Piltdown dead—
Seem a complex Chinese toy
Fashioned for a Lehigh boy.

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh as best you can!
Soon enough you leave the mob,
Take thee out and get a job;
Lose thy freedom, take on cares,
Toil through the passing years.
Have the ulcer and the gout;
Watch thy golden locks fall out.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
E're it passes, Lehigh boy!

—JOHN F. TIMMINS



The Juliet Profession

by Walter Beaupre



"I'm sorry, Miss Warren . . ." And Professor T. Alex Steele really was sorry. Miss Warren represented that most unfortunate of womanly paradoxes: a hopelessly disorganized mind, superimposed upon a beautifully organized physique. In the Basic English portion of his brain Alex coined the phrase "well-stacked," and then quickly uncoined it again.

"I'm sorry, Miss Warren, but under the circumstances I find it impossible to give you a passing grade in English 362."

Virginia Warren crossed her legs and leaned back in the office chair.

"Well, Professor, I suppose I had it coming to me; but I never *did* like long-haired stuff."

"Shakespeare is not what you'd call 'long-haired,' Miss Warren. He wrote for the pit as well as for the galleries."

How could a girl with eyes like chestnuts snapping before an open fire be so narrow-minded?

"You have to learn to like Shakespeare."

"You mean like olives?"

"The comparison is hardly complimentary; but one must acquire a taste for great literature."

Alex found himself slipping into his old class-room routine and tried desperately to pull out of it.

"What would you rather read than Shakespeare?"

"Professor, are you kidding?" The chestnuts popped.

"I would really like to know."

Virginia uncrossed her legs, assumed the militant air of threatened womanhood, and flashed back.

"A damn good love story."

"Miss Warren, please! Such expletives are never good description."

The conversation was getting out of hand. Alex meekly accepted the defensive.

"Are all women students interested in love stories?"

"I wouldn't go so far as to say that, Professor. Some take their love without the stories."

Virginia suddenly realized that she had the upper hand and lunged into her argument.

"Love is a woman's profession. It's the one thing she has over a man."

Alex smiled and took on the bold assurance of a fly strafing a spider web.

"You forget Antony and Romeo. They didn't do badly."

"Take another look at your Shakespeare, Professor Steele. Cleopatra and Juliet ran those shows."

"Well, Miss Warren, I'm happy to find that you got something out of my course."

"I didn't have to go to college to learn that. All women know it. I told you that love is a woman's occupation."

"Then what, in your estimation, is a man's occupation? Women?"

"No. Conceit."

"Miss Warren, you came here to discuss your standing in my course. If that's all you . . ."

"I'm sorry, Professor Steele. I didn't mean to shock you, honest. You're a swell teacher and all the girls think you're awfully cute."

"Really, Miss Warren . . ." Alex tried to hide his on-coming blush.

"Frankness seems to be your . . . other vocation."

"No kidding. We think you should go out once in a while. You know. Have some social life." Virginia leaned forward so that her elbows almost touched his desk. The effect was demoralizing.

"Would you go to the dance with us . . . I mean with me on Saturday night, Professor Steele?"

"If this is part of your plan to make me into a social animal, you can forget it. I never dance." Alex stood up, hoping Virginia would take the hint and leave.

"You might enjoy it. Dancing is something like Shakespeare and olives. Please, Professor?"

Alex sat down. Here was a girl decidedly different from any he had ever seen before. Usually he was afraid of women. When a fellow has to work his way through college and graduate school, he can't afford to go out with girls. The others had kept their claws hidden under the soft fur of respectability. Some day, Alex had consoled himself, when there would be time for courtship, *he* would do the pursuing. Until then, no entangling alliances.

But this Warren girl. He decided to call her Ginny. To himself anyway. She was absolutely frank and guileless. He could retain his objectivity and still learn the ways of womankind. He could watch the fire, and seeing it, avoid burning. Her motives? Probably some sorority stunt. What of it! His weren't exactly legitimate.

"What time shall I pick you up?"

"Oh, you don't have to call for me, Professor. I'll meet you at the dance."

(Continued on Page 17)

Walter Beaupre, now engaged in creative writing at Lehigh University, hails from Franklin, New Hampshire. He did much writing and dramatic work at Bates College, the scene of his undergraduate study. Along with his present work at Lehigh, he teaches at Moravian College.



Janet Schade

Escorted by John Vickers,
Sigma Phi.

Nancy Fritch

Houseparty Queen, Fall, 1947
Escorted by Frank G. Hewit,
Drinker House 3B.



Houseparty Folklore

Back in the deep, dark days of 1906, according to Professor Smull of the Chem Department, houseparty as the present generation knows it did not exist. Around graduation time each year the parents and dates of those about to graduate, and a few other dates, spent several days in Bethlehem, staying in the fraternity houses, to enjoy the June Hop, the Calculus Cremation, and graduation. But with so many parents around . . .

In the spring of 1910 first appeared something known as Junior Week, a sort of week-long houseparty. For Junior Week, classes apparently were discontinued and for several days Lehigh life was one round of dances and parties. Junior Week was maintained for fourteen years, the last one being in 1923. The Junior Week of 1922 gives a good idea of what it was all about, with one dance on Monday, two on Tuesday, three on Wednesday, and two on Thursday.

Professor Barthold (class of 1921), when asked what houseparties were

by *Emerson Virden*



like in his time, leaned back and let it be known that our generation doesn't have any idea of fun. The number one corrupting influence is the automobile. The student of '20 had no car, so he and his date remained at the house with the other couples. A party for groups rather than couples resulted.

Houseparty, much as we now know it, came into being in 1923, but it early struck a snag. Those were the days of Prohibition, and the amount of liquor consumed seemed far too great to Dean McConn and others. Shortly

after the spring houseparty of 1924 it was announced that 1924-25 would see no houseparty, but in the fall of 1925 houseparty came back.

Again, in the spring of 1932, Dean McConn urged that no houseparty be held, this time because of the nationwide depression. The student body couldn't see this point of view, and no further pressure was brought to bear, so houseparty continued.

The only houseparty change since then has been the use of Grace Hall, rather than Drown Hall or the gym, for all university dances. During the war, houseparty was cut down to one night.

On being approached for leads no houseparty folk lore, Mr. Paul Morevec, university publicity director, remarked that "nothing ever happens unless you go to one."

He did recall, however, the name of a guest submitted to his office one year prior to houseparty by a fraternity: Genevieve von Spillbeer, of Eating-Ham-on-Rye, Germany.



The Student Takes a Wife

Clarence Day, Sr., stormed into an Employment Agency for Domestic Servants and shouted at a waiting row of cooks, "I'll take that one!" In much the same manner many men nowadays choose a wife. Of course, we exempt the Lehigh student, who, where girls are concerned, is doubtless at this moment exemplifying the level-headedness expressed in the opinions below:

"Since I am only nineteen and an authority, I can state definitely that my dream girl is intelligent. She has beauty, grace, and an inner sense that tells her how to make me happy. I am perfectly certain of these points because I do not understand her at all." **Albert R. Neave.**

"A good wife will help her husband in every possible way she can. She took him for better or for worse, and she should see to it that he doesn't get any worse than he is."—**Frederich E. Storch.**

"In determining an ideal wife, one must remember that beauty, while important, is secondary to virtue. A wife must possess enough intelligence to manage adequately a household and to influence properly the children. An education comparable to that of her husband is a definite advantage to the wife. Devotion and faithfulness are essential qualities of the ideal mate. If the husband is inclined to lead an active social life, the wife should be equally interested in affairs outside the home. Of course, she must be the

type that sacrifices many of these social activities to perform her duties as a mother. In order to insure a happy homelife, the ideal wife must wear a ready smile. Above all, she must have a sincere love for her husband. When one finds a woman with all these virtues, marriage ceases to be a gamble and becomes an institution of joint happiness . . . that is, if the man has sense enough to see the prize he has captured."—**Leo W. Sloan.**

(Continued on Page 19)



What's Wrong with American Women?

Compiled and Edited by

Norton McKnight



In any campus group some student is always speculating on the American woman. As often as not he concludes that there is much the matter with her.

What are the usual objections? (1) She can never make up her mind. (2) She takes too long to prepare for a date. (3) She goes out with a fellow only for his money. (4) She lives and dresses only for other women. (5) She is insincere.

Of course, a man forgets conveniently that he may try at least three ties before deciding upon which to wear, that it may take him forty-five minutes or an hour to shave, shower, and dress for a date. Also, if he is one who believes a girl never thinks of anything but a fellow's pocketbook, he may neglect to mention he is not carrying a barracks bag of folding money. He may not consider the frequent occasions when he has failed to mention to his girl friend how much he admires her apparel—except when it is so striking it hits him in the eye.

And, now, the woman's approach. If the American woman told a fellow what she thought of him, truthfully and frankly, she would find herself without dates. A regrettable state, to say the least; for she is a pretty nice person. She can make herself from presentable to beautiful with the correct use of P. P. & L. She is independent economically, and creates the feeling in a man that a first date with her is not tantamount to a proposal of marriage. She is generally well enough versed in world and local events to carry on a conversation. True, she may not know what Ken Keltner's fielding average or batting average is, or what Vishinsky's latest veto involves; but, for that matter, what man can name Artie Shaw's five wives or give the author of "Mrs. Mike"? Finally, a comparison with woman from other parts of the world places the American woman very close to the head of, if not at the head of, the list.

But let us turn to the opinion of the Lehigh student, who is not hesitant in expressing his views on any subject

from woman to the price of postage stamps. Here are some of his thoughts on what is wrong with the American woman:

Jim McNamarra—As I see it, the trouble with the American woman is that there is not enough of them. I don't mean in number, but in the right places.

Frank Armstrong—I can best show what is wrong with them by the following statistics:

American Pamphlet on Hygiene
Dimensions of 24 year old American woman

Height.....	5 ft. 4 in.
Weight.....	122 pounds
Bust.....	34 in.

Deutsch Hygiene Von Lebens
Dimensions of 24 year old German woman

Height.....	5 ft. 3½ in.
Weight.....	128 pounds
Bust.....	38 in.

American Statistical Journal
Average yearly expenditure for personal effects
American Woman.....\$975

Deutsches Statistice Buch
Average yearly expenditure for personal effects
German Woman.....\$235

(*Editor's Note:* The accuracy of these statistics is open to question).

Les Coldren—(1) They want their cake and eat it too. (2) They are independent beyond their natural allowances. (3) They are too artificial and Hollywood conscious. (4) Too often they try to live the dream they concoct about life. (5) They envy the natural independence of men, and, because of their envy, shirk their responsibility as women. (6) They are too conscious of other women around them.

(*Editor's Note:* Wait till his wife sees this.)

Joe Kelley—A good many of them impress me as being insincere. Most

of them like to play games, keep a fellow guessing. They must straighten out some time, or we wouldn't have the fine mothers we have generally. I'd like to find out at what age that change occurs, so far I'm up to 20.

(*Editor's Note:* Keep trying, boy. I'm way past you and have not found out yet.)

Gordon Atkinson—The main trouble with the American Woman is that she has been made constitutionally equal to the American man. Consequently, man still has to open doors for her, help her in and out of her coat, pay all her bills, take responsibility for all her bum checks and faux pas.

Still I hear her screaming that she is equal to man. Bah, give a man the good old days when he was superior. I wish to go on record that life would be damn dull without her.

(*Editor's Note:* In the 'good old days' men only thought that they were superior.)

Comrade William Guggenheim—Da Hamerican vooman isn't strong, lak we hav in Roosia. In dis town, da best dey can do is turn Bessimer Converters; vile in da old country dey haf skilled trades, lak plowink fields and liftink locomotifs. Ve should teach dese Hamerican girlks to vrestle—dots da hanswer.

(*Editor's Note:* Comrade Guggenheim hasn't been out with many American girls if he thinks that they can't wrestle.)

John Timmins—I know not only what is wrong with American women today, but also what was the matter with them yesterday and what will be wrong with them tomorrow—*other* women.

Does a woman dress to please a fellow? Does she diet to please her husband? Does she even smile to please her date? NO!!! It is to please, or to shame, or to imitate, or to outstrip the rest of her sex that woman lives. I say "Down with the 'other' woman."

(*Editor's Note:* Will Mr. Timmins clarify his use of 'outstrip'?)



Joal Madden

Escorted by Dave Horning,
Phi Gamma Delta.

Nicki Shemer

Escorted by Harry Meyerhoff,
Pi Lambda Phi.





The Paint is Still Wet

by Joseph Kelley

Since last Houseparty a new building has been opened on the campus. Pertinent facts regarding it that may attract a visitor to Lehigh are listed in the following paragraphs.

About 340 students are housed in Dravo House this semester, making it the most populated dormitory at Lehigh. Taylor House has about 215 men, Richards House, 142; Drinker House, 125; and Price Hall, 48.

Ground was broken for Dravo House in November of 1946. The corner stone was laid on Alumni Day, June, 1947, in pouring rain with three people present. This information is passed on by J. W. Maxwell, university bursar, who was, presumably, one of the three. Work had been held up for six weeks by a building trade strike in the spring of 1948. However, the main work on Dravo House was completed fifteen months after it was begun, and the dedication was held June 12, 1948. Actually, about sixty men were living in sections of Dravo House during the

spring semester (1948) before actual dedication. Sections "A," "A1," and "A2" were opened in February, 1948, and section "D" in the same wing was opened on March 1.

There are seven lounge rooms in the 4-5 floor building (five floors in the center section) counting the main entrance as two lounges. Laundry and package receiving rooms, sound-proof halls, and closets with built-in drawers instead of bureaus are among the new dormitory's features. Most of the rooms now are double, triple, or quadruple; but in normal occupancy there are 61 single rooms and no quadruples.

Each of the seven freshmen sections of about forty men has an upper classman as a councilor who is given a single room in a section at a reduced rate—an experimental arrangement for next year when all freshmen will have to live in dormitories for two semesters. The freshmen this term seem to be getting along satisfactory. Their main complaints seem to be that they don't

have enough time to make use of the lounges and that their beds are too narrow.

Dravo House has a normal capacity of 280 and a present occupancy of around 340. This is a 22% increase. Taylor House has an increase of about 50%, Richards House, 45%, and Drinker House, 50%.

The cost of Dravo House, \$802,000, is considerably more than that of any of the other dormitories. Drinker House cost \$254,000, and Richards House cost \$270,000. The cost of the building per occupant (normal capacity) for Dravo House is \$2,835; for Drinker House, \$2,015; for Richards House, \$1,859.

The paint is still wet on the railing leading up the steps, the doors stick, and the walls are still clean—that's how new Dravo House is. According to Mr. Maxwell, "work on the next university building project, the gym, will start shortly."

The Proper Burial

SUGGESTED BY THE POEM "DOVER BEACH"

by Eugene Williams



Death is an inexplicable mystery which is both tragic and merciful. Death itself is nothing, for it is intangible and cannot be grasped by the human imagination. Only the approach to death can be defined, since this is all that the living can experience. Each of us has thought of this approach and speculated about the particular place and circumstances which will surround us when death appears. To die among one's family and friends at the end of a prosperous and useful life is a death which is far from tragic; to die while still young on some foreign soil alone and without friends, or love, or kindness, is the most pathetic of the many ways to die.

A cold, gray sky clung to the barren hills, and a driving rain fell in torrents through the leafless trees. There was before us, a small field surrounded by hedges and rising hills. Upon this field, a strange and calamitous play was being enacted, a play which filled one's soul with horror and doubt. In the field, men with picks and shovels were digging in the cold, red earth. Already, they had dug a long, deep trench and were in the process of digging a second one. They were angry, sullen men, for the season was cold and the rain heavy. Some talked quietly as they shoveled, while others shouted back and forth. We could catch pieces of their conversation through the wind: something about a "damn" army, a "damn" officer, a "damn" rotten job,

something about a beautiful Parisian prostitute, a bottle of good American whiskey, a three-day pass. But most of the time, they dug steadily and in silence.

Soon, a group of trucks stopped near the edge of the field, and other men began to carry limp, white sacks across a quagmire of bright, red mud. They laid these sacks in two long rows beside the two long trenches. As the rain beat upon the cloth, the sacks clung to their occupants and assumed strange and grotesque shapes. The rain fell harder and spattered the red mud on the white sacks. A strange sight lay before us, two long rows of white beside two cold, deep trenches, already filling with water.

A small man wearing a black cloak waded to the center of the field, and there, removing his cap and raising his arms toward the gray heavens, began to speak. Through the pelting rain, his words reached our ears: honor, courage, Almighty God, sacrifice, country, golden youth, glorious death—words that sounded strangely out of place on that barren, foreign field. The man stood silently in the mud for a few minutes, a forlorn little figure with bent head

and clasped hands. Thin, white hair fell about his face.

When the speaker had gone, the sacks were dropped into the trenches, as one might drop logs of wood. Each one hit the bottom with a resounding splash and partly sank below the muddy water. In a surprisingly short time, the sacks lay at the bottom of the trenches, and dirt was being heaped upon them. Some of the sacks had come open, and here and there a gray hand reached through the mud, and pale hair floated on the water. The men who were filling the holes, realizing the job was almost done, became more talkative. They talked again of Paris and women and three-day passes; they seemed oblivious to the shattered bodies which lay so silently in the muddy trench below. Some even whistled and sang as they shoveled the red mud. Soon the trenches were filled, and only thin, white crosses marked the approximate location of each body.

We had witnessed a tragic scene, the burial of the day's war dead. Here there were no flowers, no friends, no love or kindness; nothing but calloused men, and their talk of beer, women and Paris; nothing but the jumbled words of a little man who spoke of God and sacrifice; nothing but a mud-spattered cross sunk in the mud to mark each place. As we left the field, we looked up into the sky where the little man had pointed when he spoke of God; we saw only cold, gray clouds and the falling rain.



Eugene G. Williams, now a junior in the College of Arts and Sciences, saw service as a corporal with the 104th Infantry Division in Holland and Germany, participating in the fighting at Cologne. Upon graduation in June, 1950, he plans to do graduate work in geology.



1. William Kelly works on his Master's degree in the P. Chem. Lab.
2. H. Leigh Gerstenberger, Jr. does some deep thinking about the times.
3. Bob Rodale writes an article for the B. & W.

4. Some guy doesn't know the class is over.
5. Jordan W. Wenberg and Robert Korkegi fence with sabres in Taylor Gym.
6. John Leith, Jr. studies on the Library steps.



7. Ed Jaynes and George Swartzwelder discuss a problem in Drinker Hall.

8. Bob Kachel, Charles Hardy, Ray Congdon, and Al Abramovitz prepare for football practice.

9. Joe Lawrence studies in the Browsing Room.

10. Eric Flanagan and Ward Laubach play billiards in Drown Hall.

11. Al Mead, Ed Stephenson, and Charlie Nicholson play cards in Dravo Hall.

12. Thomas Mart seems lost in the Library stacks.



The Imps of Satan

by James F. Keegan

Mrs. James Brady called her two young sons, Jimmy and Tom, aged twelve and eleven respectively, into the living room to read them a notice in the evening paper. The notice was short and to the point. "All Hallowe'en pranksters and mischief makers would be dealt with severely if apprehended," and it was signed by the town chief of police.

Both of the boys acted as if they were thoroughly impressed with the foolishness of contributing to the annual night of mischief. They assured their mother that they would do nothing wrong though in their hearts they knew they had awaited October 31st much too anxiously to allow a warning by the chief of police or one from their own mother to ruin well-laid plans for having an evening of fun. Besides they considered themselves clever enough not to get caught.

However, after an episode of the night before Mrs. Brady was thinking very seriously of keeping her sons in the house until Hallowe'en was safely past.

"Boys," she questioned them suspiciously, "did you have anything to do with throwing the tomatoes at Mr. Thompson? Now answer me truthfully. You were both out of the house until nine. Well, now, was it you?"

"Aw no, mom," answered Jimmy with an expression of hurt innocence written all over his handsome young face. "All we did was ring a few door bells and run away. We wouldn't do anything like that."

"Yeh, that's right, Mom," Tom put in, as he brushed the long brown hair out of his eyes and acted as angelic as he knew how. "We'd be afraid to do

anything like that. It must have been those kids from across the river. We only rang about—"

"What's all this ringing door bells stuff anyway?" interrupted their mother. "I should give the two of you a good whipping and send you off to bed."

"Aw, gee, Mom, everybody knows that the night before Hallowe'en is doorbell night," explained Jimmy and Tom together.

"Sure," Jimmy went on, "that's the night all the kids go around ringing door bells and then running away. They do it all over."

Mrs. Brady was taken back. "My own sons going about acting like little hoodlums," she said in a voice unusually loud for her. "Wait until your father hears of this. Now get upstairs and get ready for dinner before I give you a whipping myself. The idea!"

In spite of her apparent anger Mrs. Brady had to laugh to herself for she remembered having done the same thing when she was a youngster. It seemed like fun then, and surely no harm was done. It also amused her to think of how angry her husband had been the night before after answering the door a half dozen times and finding no one there. However, it wasn't quite so funny to think that her two well-behaved sons were up to such tricks.

Half way up the stairs, Jimmy, turning around and in a pleading voice said, "Mom, it's getting pretty dark already and you said we could go out till nine if we promised not to do anything bad. You said we could eat before Pop gets home."

Mrs. Brady thought it over for a few minutes. Although Mr. Thompson

had been certain that her boys were responsible for ringing his door bell and then pelting him with over-ripe tomatoes when he answered it, she herself could not believe that her sons could be guilty of such a rowdy trick. They had always minded her well and had never been the cause of trouble.

"Are you sure you didn't throw any tomatoes?" she questioned to satisfy herself that what she believed was true.

"Honest we didn't, Mom," they both hastily answered.

"Well, I should wait for your father to come home, but since I promised, you can eat now and go out, but be back by nine. Do you understand? And remember the notice I read you from the paper."

"We'll be back at nine," Jimmy said.

"Thanks, Mom," they both added.

As soon as they were alone in their room, Jimmy closed the door, turned to Tom, and said, "How do you suppose old man Thompson knew we were the ones?"

Tom pondered a minute before answering, "Somebody must have snitched on us. I'll bet it was Billy Davis."

"Yeh, he must be the squealer," agreed Jimmy. "We'll fix his wagon for that."

When they came down to the kitchen dressed in their oldest clothes and carrying hideous false-faces to complete their Hallowe'en masquerade, Mrs. Brady had their dinner waiting and was busily wrapping candy up in napkins to give out to the many little figures of witches, goblins, and devils who would descend upon her home that evening. It was an old custom in

(Continued on Page 20)

James F. Keegan, enrolled in the Business College, will graduate in 1950. He comes from Greenwich, Connecticut, where he was born. Writing and aviation (he is a Marine Corps Reserve pilot) represent his hobbies. During the war he served aboard a carrier in the South Pacific theatre. On campus he lives at Lambda Chi Alpha Fraternity House.



Pauline Weiss

Escorted by Robert Yates,
Sigma Nu.



Florrie O'Donnell

Escorted by Tim Dennis,
Delta Tau Delta.



Clocks

Cigars

Jewelry

Stationery

Fountain pens

Shaving supplies

Pipes and accessories

Laboratory supplies

Office supplies

Cigarettes

Banners



UNIVERSITY SUPPLY BUREAU

"The Student's Store"

Bethlehem, Pennsylvania



Lamps

Razors

Textbooks

Periodicals

Confectionery

Engineer's supplies

Magazine subscriptions

Developing service

Greeting cards

Pennants

Plaques



Aristocrat Dairy Products

ALLENTOWN DAIRY CO., Inc.

1019 Turner Street

Allentown, Pennsylvania

Serving Allentown, Bethlehem and Vicinity

FROM BETHLEHEM CALL ENTERPRISE 1-0510

The Juliet Profession . . .

(Continued from Page 5)

"Are you ashamed to have the other girls see me?" Once again Alex wrestled for the offensive.

"They'll be at the dance, Professor Steele." Ginny was halfway out the door. "Saturday night about eight? And Thanks."

Alex went back to his exam papers, tried to correct one and gave up in disgust. . . .

Shaving can sometimes be a major operation. Alex's face stung when he slopped on the lotion. He liked the smell and wondered why he had never used it before.

Somebody knocked on the door.

"Hurry up, Alex. I have a date."

"Take it easy, Rodney. So have I."

"You! Going out!" Rodney, the outsider, roared. "Who with??"

"Never mind."

"And who was that lush co-ed I saw coming out of your office about three-thirty Wednesday afternoon?"

"Ginny Warren."

"Who?"

"Virginia Warren. I'm going to flunk her in Shakespeare."

"Flunk a Dish like that? Alex, you aren't human."

"Okeh, wise guy." Alex opened the door.

"Holy cats! This place smells like a brewery. What have you been using?" Rodney, the boarding-house clown, took a deep breath and swooned.

"Oh, Professor! Your after-shave lotion is *sheer* magic."

Alex aimed his foot at the dangling suspenders and missed.

"Don't keep her out too late, Alex." Rodney bolted the door and turned on the shower. "She might talk you into a re-examination."

Young co-eds hurried through the hard circle of bare light which seemed almost to block the entrance of the gym. The men hung back to grind out their cigarettes or exchange comments.

Alex wondered if he should stay outside, but at that moment Ginny moved away from a knot of acquaintances.

"Hello," Ginny said. "Before we dance do you mind if I go upstairs into the lounge? I'll only be a minute or two, Alex."

She was taller in evening dress and her soft brown hair had been caught up in silver combs.

"Not at all."

Alex put his hands in his pockets with studied carelessness. If the fellows on the steps were surprised they never showed it.

"Hi! Ginny, save me the sixth, will ya'?"

"Sure, Bob."

"Don't forget. You promised me the seventh, baby."

"Angus, if you don't stop calling me *baby* I will forget." Ginny pretended to be angry and then turned to Alex.

"Be right back, Professor."

Angus held the door open for Ginny and Alex kicked himself mentally for the second time.

"Nice night, isn't it, Professor?"

Alex said "Glorious" and then gave his mental posterior another punt. "I mean, it's swell for dancing."

"Have them every Sat'dy night, rain or shine. Er . . . Mr. Steel, I won't be able to get my term paper in by Monday. I want to do a little more research."

"That's quite all right, Bob. I won't be correcting them before Wednesday." The little chisler had caught him off guard. What an underhanded trick!

Alex walked in just as Virginia came downstairs in a slow avalanche of sophisticated co-eds. All of them smiled knowingly. Ginny took his arm and steered him onto the dance floor. Alex lost his nerve.

"Maybe we'd better go through the reception line first."

"If you want to, Alex."

Ginny was wonderful. She had a pleasant remark for all the dignitaries. Alex pumped hands a little too vigorously and got questionmark smiles from President Cooper and the dean. He could almost hear the dean making a little speech come-next-faculty-meeting on proper student-faculty relationships.

There were more couples dancing, and with the reception line behind him, Alex took heart. Ginny slid into his arms making it impossible for him to watch his feet.

"The band plays well, doesn't it?"

Alex was working too hard to notice. One-two-three, slide; one-two-three and slide. An elbow grazed his back and he lost count.

"You're doing fine, Alex. Just relax and let the music send you."

To Alex the music was just another obstacle. Ginny talked occasionally, and when she wasn't talking she would look up at him with a far-away smile in her eyes.

The music stopped and the band leader played retreat on his trumpet. Alex and Ginny walked toward the entrance to wait for the next set. Two male students caught sight of Ginny and came steaming into port.

"Hi! Ginny gal. Who's your friend?"

"Don't be a goon, Forrest. This is Professor Steele."

"You're the guy who teaches English. Pardon me. I'm a chemistry major."

Ginny introduced Alex to Forrest Parsons and Jim Brand, and before he could figure out what was going on she had slipped into Jim's arms and was gliding across the floor.

Alex stood there in a daze until other couples began pushing him around. He went to the Men's Room and had a cigarette. Then he came back to look for Ginny. The set seemed to last for hours. Music irritated him.

At last the leader played his break and Ginny came walking over followed by Forrest and Jim.

"Alex, do you mind if I dance this next one with Forrest? I can't show any favoritism."

Alex croaked, "Not at all," and smiled painfully. President Cooper and his wife were sitting this one out so he walked toward them.

(Please Turn to Next Page)

"Have a seat, Steele. You've met Mrs. Cooper, haven't you?"

Alex nodded and sat down.

"That was Miss Warren you were with, wasn't it? Lovely girl. I know the whole family. Her father went here. Class of nineteen fifteen."

"Really?" Alex decided that it was a good time to explain.

"Some sort of sorority stunt. She had to ask me to the dance. I never dance."

"That's strange." Cooper rubbed his chin. "She pledged two years ago." Then Cooper nudged him in the ribs. "Better look out for that one. If Virginia is anything like her father, she'll get what she wants."

President Cooper rattled on about something, but Alex wasn't listening. He was trying to figure out Ginny's game . . . if there were any game. The set ended. Ginny was standing alone and looking around. He excused himself and maneuvered to her side.

"Let's get out of here, Alex. It's almost time for intermission anyway. The drugstore is right across the street."

The night was cool and quiet. Ginny and Alex were the first of the intermission crowd. Two fellows played the pinball machine and Phillipo washed coke glasses. That was all.

Ginny ordered a coke and a dish of ice cream. When the drinks came they sat in silence. Alex was angry and a little jealous. Ginny was . . . come to think of it, he didn't know what was bothering her. Her eyes flashed whenever she looked at him. Then she'd lower the lids and toy with the melting ice cream.

"Are you having a good time, Ginny?"

Miss Warren suddenly lost her poise.

"Alex, *why* did you let those two drips dance with me!"

This was something he never expected. "But, Ginny, I thought you wanted . . ."

"Boy, have you got a lot to learn! They're the biggest wolves on campus. I thought you wanted to dance with me, but instead you go chinning with Prexy Cooper. Did you explain why you brought me to the dance?"

"Why I . . ." The girl across the table was almost crying. "Ginny, darling, I didn't know . . ."

"Take me home, please, Alex. I have a headache."

Alex gulped down his coke in misery and paid Phillipo. All women were alike. You give them what they want and then they say they don't want it. Ginny stormed home in silence with Alex following, a helpless thunder cloud. At the gate of Phi Delta Mu, Ginny suddenly remembered her coat.

"I'll go back and get it for you."

"Would you, Alex? Thanks. And thank you for taking me to the dance."

Alex was feeling a little sick. "Ginny . . . I hope you won your bet, or whatever it was."

"What bet?"

"I don't know what bet. That's the only reason I could think of for your going out with me."

Ginny melted like an ice cube under a blow torch.

"Alex, did you really think that?"

"What else could I think. I'll admit I let my imagination dream up some wonderful ideas about you, but I'm

not going to give you the satisfaction of telling 'em to those . . . those *cats* you live with."

"Oh! So that's it!" Ginny was boiling again.

"I thought you . . . hic . . . were different. I . . . hic . . ."

"Alex, what's the matter?"

"Hiccoughs . . . can't you . . . hic . . . hear!"

"My goodness. People will think you're drunk."

"I drank that co . . . hic . . . coke too fast. It always does that to me. I used to . . . hic . . . have 'em something awful when I was a lit . . . hic . . . little boy."

"I can't let you go back for my coat in this condition. Come in the house. I'll fix you some baking soda."

"It won't . . . hic . . . work. I've tried it." Ginny pushed him into the house. The waiting room was empty.

"Sit down and relax. Loosen your tie, or something. I'll be right back."

Alex flopped down on the sofa and the spasms got worse. Ginny came back stirring something in a glass. "Drink this."

"Hic . . . I can't."

Ginny knelt beside him. "Oh, this is all my fault. You're so sweet and bashful, and I'm such an awful brazen woman."

"Hic . . ."

"How did your mother stop them, Alex? What did she give you?"

"You couldn't . . . hic . . . help. She used to kiss me."

"What!"

"Yeah . . . hic . . . funny thing. It worked every time."

"Well, I'll try anything once."

Ginny leaned over and put her arms around his neck. "Hic . . ." She pressed her lips gently against his. Alex's arms lurched around Ginny, and he held her wonderfully soft body against his. In a moment Ginny pulled away.

"Did it work?"

". . . Hic . . . no."

"Then I'm afraid we'll have to try it again."

Alex held her at arms length. "In spite of my personal feelings, Miss Warren, I must still give you an unsatisfactory grade in English 362 . . . hic."

D. M. GOLDBERG

Florists

Specializing in

CORSAGES

— Since 1914 —

FLOWERS FOR EVERY OCCASION

17 WEST BROAD STREET

Phone 6-1321

"We Telegraph Flowers Everywhere"

The Student Takes a Wife...*(Continued from Page 7)*

"I would expect my wife to have a mentality in the same general range as my own. The wife who is mentally greatly inferior to her husband will not understand his ideas, and will let him make the majority of decisions, becoming his follower, not his mate."—**John C. Tepper.**

"Although beauty is the inciting force, personality, character, and abilities are what count in the long run."—**Harold R. Beck.**

"Because a husband and a wife are destined to live together for the remaining years of their lives, companionship should be considered the major factor in choosing a wife."—**Harry W. Smeal.**

"I could make numerous additions to the list of characteristics marking an ideal wife, but they would stem from the basic three: common interest, love, and trust. If a wife can possess these three, a harmonious marriage will result."—**Donald C. Korb.**

"Either my wife must be of the same religion I profess or—and I believe this to be the better course of the two—she must not have any predetermined church for the children. If, after we have discussed the matter thoroughly, we decide to rear the children in her church, all well and good; but if we do not so decide, it should be made possible to rear them in the church of my choice."—**John G. Nevitt.**

BYINGTON'S ICE CREAM STORE

Tasty Sandwiches

Ice Cream Sodas

Milk Shakes

 Open Daily to 11:30 p. m.

BROAD and CENTER STS.

Dial 8-1721

KERNY'S SERVICE

 BROAD and CENTER STS.
BETHLEHEM, PA.

Dial 6-9516

**"Be SURE
with Pure"**

 TIRES :: BATTERIES
and ACCESSORIES


*Complete
Bumper to Bumper Service*

PENN COAT AND APRON SUPPLY CO.

"WHY
BUY
WHEN
WE
SUPPLY"

Table Linens

Bed Linens

and Coats

Phone . . .

Allentown 7319

Leopard's Night Out*(A leopard is a wolf with pimples.)*

Boy, how I like to get out like this and really paint the town red! Why, it's still early and we've already been to a movie, and over to the alleys to watch them bowling! Having fun, kids? Oh, waiter. You order, Ed. What'll you have, girls? What say, Ed? Four martinis? Sounds good. I'll have four of the same, waiter. How about you, Patsy? Joan, dove? And two zombies, waiter.

Did I ever tell you the story, kids, about the couple who went out into society for the first time? . . . What say, Ed? No, I've been out before . . . Well, it seems they got to the party late and . . . Sa-ay, look at that babe. Some personality, huh? . . . And, Oh, yes, at the party everybody was talking about the great composers. You know, the guys that write music . . . Joan! If you'd rather talk to Pat, just remember who is paying the bill . . . So you see, Ed, they were talking about guys like Beethoven, Schubert, and so on, when one old lady says something about Mozart . . . Gimme a cigarette. Heck, Ed, you should try Camels; I like them better. Got a light? . . . So, the lady says, "Oh, my, I saw Mozart getting on the number five bus for the shore yesterday" . . . Ah, here come the drinks, kids. Did I order all of these? Ed, if you don't like olives, I'll eat them . . . Anyway, when this lady lets out about seeing Mozart, everybody gives her the cold shoulder, see . . . Don't drink so fast, Joanie, darling, you're getting fat enough as it is . . . So, on the way home the lady's husband bawls her out because of what she said. "Honey lamb," he says, "why must you disgrace me in public? We are ruined" . . . Oh, thanks, Ed. I'm crazy about olives . . . He says, "We are ruined. Don't you know the number five bus doesn't go to the beach?" Ha! Ha! Ha! Get it? No? Say, Ed, it's getting late. It's almost eleven! I gotta get back to Easton. There's school tomorrow at good old Lafayette.

—JOHN F. TIMMINS

The Imps of Satan

(Continued from Page 14)

Southern New England for the children to disguise themselves in all sorts of costumes on Hallowe'en and visit the neighborhood homes asking for candy, cake, cookies, apples, or whatever the grownups would give them. The older people were as enthusiastic over this custom as the children, and would always have a supply of enticing sweets on hand in anticipation of these visits.

Their dinner hastily finished, the two boys went out into the enveloping darkness with a feeling of self-satisfaction at having lied so easily to their mother. Mrs. Brady would never have believed they could lie to her. Blinded by a mother's love, she believed nothing bad about them. She and Mr. Brady, a N. Y. C. engineer, prided themselves on the upbringing of their children. But the neighbors had, of late, an entirely different opinion of the Brady boys, particularly Mr. Thompson who had often caught them that fall stealing his apples.

Revenge on the suspected "stool pigeon," Billy Davis, came swiftly and with only a minimum of planning. A quick searching look through the Davis' hedge told them that the only thing to be destroyed was Mrs. Davis' clotheslines.

"I'll pull them down, Tom, and you cut them," was all Jimmy said as he handed Tom his new jackknife. In a matter of seconds the deed was accomplished, and they were off through the hedge again on a dead run.

There wasn't anything to it. Feeling exhilarated over their mischief, they began to think themselves capable of getting away with anything. In this exciting mood they thought again of old man Thompson.

"Let's get even with old Thompson for telling Mom," panted Tom after they had stopped running for lack of breath.

Jimmy nodded agreement while a plan began to formulate in his mind. He pondered to himself, "The Thompsons have a new car. We'll soap it up and let the air out of the tires." Then to his brother, "Com' on, Tom. I got an idea."

It wasn't difficult for them to get into the Thompsons' yard without being seen. They merely climbed over the fence from the vacant lot behind

the house. Luckily for their plans the car was still in front of the garage, and no one was around. While Tom stood watching, Jimmy did a thorough job of rubbing soap on all the car windows. Next he took off the safety valves and began letting the air out of the rear tires first, and after that the front ones. Then without warning the back door of the house opened while Jimmy was working on the last tire. Startled, the two boys dropped everything and leaped up and over the fence as fast as they could. Once safely in the vacant lot, they stopped long enough to bombard the garage with stones they had in their pockets. No one seemed to come after them; besides, the boys figured the false faces would hide their identities. Suddenly one of the stones found a breakable target in one of the garage windows. There was a loud crash that started the brothers running again. This time they didn't stop to look back for possible pursuit until they were blocks away.

They laughed excitedly over having put one over on their enemy, Mr. Thompson.

"Boy, won't he be mad," howled Jimmy.

"And he'll never be able to prove who did it," laughed Tom.

For the next twenty or thirty minutes they sauntered along the darker streets contenting themselves with soaping an occasional car or sticking a pin in a door bell and then running.

Finally they agreed that it was time to work the master plan of the evening. Being at an age when candy, cake and other sweets are most appealing, they were determined to have their fill before the night was over. Although they could have received a sufficient supply by going from house to house as other boys and girls were doing, they considered such actions sissified and beneath them.

Instead they intended to Hi-jack a few loads of delicacies from the other children just before it was time to go home when the bags the children carried with them would be full.

They managed to mingle with a group of boys and girls carrying large bags of sweets acquired by diligently visiting most of the homes in the neighborhood. By pretending to be one of the gang they did not arouse suspicion.

NEW STEMBITER KAYWOODIE

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

For the smoker with
STRONG TEETH



—Stembiter Mouthpiece is made so that it conforms to the shape of the teeth.



No. 808
Stembiter \$5

Identify by Cloverleaf

Kaywoodie Briar comes from the burl of the briar bush. The burls are 40 to 250 years old. Our briar is selected with experience, and seasoned by our own methods. All of it is imported.

Picture shows briar bush

KAYWOODIE
BRIAR

For those who bite through their pipe bits—

Stembiter Kaywoodie is a welcome answer for the smoker who habitually bites through even the finest rubber pipe-bits. Stembiter was designed with help from the dental profession, and is more than ordinarily comfortable to hold in the mouth. Instead of going through one channel, the smoke is diffused through 3 channels, which helps materially to cool it. Quality and prices the same as pre-war, \$3.50 to \$25. Kaywoodie Company, New York and London. 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 20. Est. 1851.

Jimmy was the boss of the operation. When he thought the time ripe, he walked up to a figure dressed as a devil, who was struggling along with the weight of the biggest bag, and asked, "What time is it?"

This was the agreed on signal. Tom quickly came up behind the unknown figure and snatched it's bag away just as Jimmy gave it a hard push.

Then the two of them swiftly took off with their loot, leaving the devil and the others too startled to chase after them. As the brothers disappeared through someone's yard they could hear the loud wailings of their victim, "Mama, Papa, somebody stole my bag." It was the voice of Walter Morgan, a much despised boy who lived on their street.

The fact that it was Walt made the theft all the more enjoyable when they stopped several blocks from the scene of the hi-jacking to divide the booty.

"Gosh, what saps we would of been to go begging for this stuff," said Tom.

"Yeh," agreed Jimmy, "this beats wasting all night instead of having real fun."

No sooner had he finished saying this than a car without lights came up alongside them, and Walter jumped out shouting as he did, "That's them, Papa. They're the ones."

The brothers hastily dropped the sweets and jumped over a hedge into a yard, but not before Walter picked up a rock and let it fly. It hit Jimmy square on the shoulder and although it hurt badly he was able to keep up with Tom in the mad dash to escape capture. Mr. Morgan would have caught one of them had he not received a nasty fall running into a clothesline under which the boys easily ducked. This increased his anger at the two ruffians who had ruined his son's Hallowe'en.

Jimmy and Tom were scared out of their wits. Mr. Morgan kept driving around and around the block. Each time the boys tried to get out of the yards they would hear Walter's "There they are, Papa," and back into the safety of the yards they would have to go.

Soon people, alarmed at the commotion, began coming out of their houses forcing the brothers to streak across the street regardless of pursuit. Someone saw them and put Mr.

Morgan hot on their trail. They ran through two more yards, across another street, and into a swamp where they felt sure they would escape. Both of them were far too terrified to speak.

They dragged themselves as far into the swamp as they dared, finally halting in a deep thicket. Mr. Morgan, too angry to give up easily, saw the boys head for the swamp. He and Walter followed them, throwing stones and beating the thickets as they went along, causing the boys hardly daring to breathe to lie in the cold muddy water almost up to their necks.

At last Mr. Morgan gave up the chase, and the brothers were able to sneak back home by round-about routes. They were sick at heart and beginning to feel disgusted with themselves.

"I'm scared," Tom moaned. "What will Mom say when she finds out?"

"Don't tell anything," Jimmy cautioned. "We'll say we fell in the river."

Now that they were faced with being caught, they were almost too frightened to go into their home. Soaping cars didn't seem like fun anymore. Neither did breaking windows, stealing candy, ringing bells, or throwing apples.

With hesitant steps they turned into the Brady walk, glad that at least they weren't caught and determined to tell their parents a lie to explain their present appearance.

Before Jimmy could turn the knob, the door was opened by Mr. Brady. No explanations were asked. He simply took them by the scruffs of their necks and pushed them into the house before him.

The room was crowded. Mrs. Brady was weeping; Mr. Thompson and a policeman were holding up a knife with the initials JB on the handle, loudly claiming they found it beside Mr. Thompson's car; Mrs. Davis was shouting that Billy saw them cut the clotheslines; and Mr. Morgan was shaking his fist and calling them little gangsters.

Jimmy and Tom, dismayed at being so thoroughly found out, were unable to do anything except gape for a few seconds. Then they turned and darted for the open front door only to run into the figure of the devil, tall and terrifying in his flowing red cape.

"Do the Bradys live here?" the Devil asked.

PURE FOOD RESTAURANT

11 West Broad Street

★ Clean
★ Quick
★ Courteous
SERVICE

ALWAYS
OPEN

Phone . . .

Bethlehem 7-4211

The ALLEN LAUNDRY

CERTIFIED
DRY CLEANING

Prompt Pick-up
and Delivery
on the Campus

Phone

Bethlehem 7-7531

Allentown 9551

Home Is Where?

Wanted—a place to hang my hat,
A mansion or a walkup flat,
A shanty near the railroad trains.
Or a tepee on the great flat plains.
Need no shower, need no bath,
All I want is a house and path.
It may be large; it can be small;
I'll settle for a good-sized hall.
It's raining in the park tonight—
I'm getting much too wet to write.
Won't someone, somewhere, heed
my poem—

How I wish I had a home.

—SIDNEY H. MAYER, JR.

PETRAKIS GROCERY STORE

Quality Foodstuffs

*For Years, the Favorite of
Lehigh Men*

109 W. FOURTH ST.
BETHLEHEM, PA.

After an Amateur Theatrical

The last curtain call has been taken,
The applause has faded away,
And only memories linger
At the end of the closing day.

Hang your costume on the wall,
Hasten from the vacant hall.
Back to the factory,
Back to the mill,
The humdrum life
Is a bitter pill.
No more will you bow,
There'll be no critique,
No one applauds
For a workaday week.

The makeup is off,
The glamour is gone;
The show is over
But life must go on.

—SIDNEY MAYER, JR.

LEHIGH MEN



the
university
apparel
shop



40 SOUTH NEW ST.

Phone 8-1677

Are You Ready for Fall Houseparty?

OVER HOUSE PARTY WEEK-END

Come to Howard Johnson's



Open 11 A.M. to Midnight . . . 1 A.M. Friday to Saturday

EVERYTHING FROM A SANDWICH TO A BANQUET

In Just the Right Atmosphere

HOWARD JOHNSON'S

Between Allentown-Bethlehem on Route 22

ALEX'S LEHIGH LUNCH

★ ★ ★

*Where Lehigh Men
Meet to Eat . . .*

★ ★ ★

421 SOUTH NEW STREET

BETHLEHEM, PA.

GIRLS!

What is your impression of Lehigh . . . of Houseparties . . . What suggestions do you have to improve Houseparties?

Write them down and send them to us.

THE LEHIGH GOBLET DROWN HALL

We will print the best of those received
in our next issue.

After

LEHIGH - 27

whips

N. Y. U. - 13

"I'll be seein you"

★ ★ ★

JOE KINNEY

W H Y



Because no food is more important to man's welfare or does more for the body.

Because MOWRER'S MILK is pasteurized, thereby destroys any harmful bacteria that might be present without affecting flavor or food value.



Enjoy MOWRER'S ICE CREAM.

Because it gives you the extra energy so badly needed nowadays. It's pure, wholesome and nourishing, full of your favorite fruits and nuts, and above all, it is made fresh daily.

Phone 7-5804

*We will be
glad to serve you.*

TIGHT SPOTS

AND HOW TO GET OUT OF 'EM



You meet heart-throb #1 as you enter the Cake House with a dolly on each arm. Don't goof off! Don't get "discumbobulated"! Just pass yummy Life Savers all around. They're wonderful little tension-breakers. Before you know it, that week-end date's yours.



THE CANDY
WITH
THE HOLE

STILL ONLY 5¢

FREE! A box of LIFE SAVERS
for the best wisecrack!

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week? For the best line submitted to the editor each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive collophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

THIS MONTH'S JOKE SUBMITTED BY
FRED SWEITZER, DRAVO HOUSE

Teacher asked Johnny to spell "escalator" and use it in a sentence. Johnny spelled e-s-c-a-l-a-t-o-r, but he couldn't remember how to use it.

"That's all right, Johnny", said the teacher. "I'll escalator".

LAMBERTON HALL

For Good Food



H. A. STUBBS, Manager

Complete Line of
School and Office Supplies

LEHIGH STATIONERY CO.

★

Office Equipment
and Supplies

★

14 WEST FOURTH STREET
Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

Phone 6-7419

WRIGHT & GILPIN

*Gulf
Products*

▽

ENGINE TUNE-UP
ELECTRICAL REPAIRS

▽

1016 Linden Street
Bethlehem, Pa.

LEE & WRIGHT

Air-Conditioned

SWAN GRILL

13 East Fourth Street

★ ★ ★ ★

Try Our Famous

STEAK SANDWICHES

for a Real Treat

★ ★ ★ ★

TELEVISION

Beer ★ Wine ★ Liquor

HOUSE PARTY SCHEDULE

FRIDAY OCTOBER 29

3:00 P.M. FRESHMAN FOOTBALL

10:00 P.M. - 1:00 A.M. FORMAL DANCE
IN GRACE HALL

SATURDAY OCTOBER 30

1:00 A.M. - 3:00 A.M. IDC BREAK-
FAST AT LAMBERTON HALL

2:30 P.M. VARSITY

FOOTBALL. LEHIGH

VS. N.Y.U.

SATURDAY EVENING

INDIVIDUAL HOUSE DANCES

TOWN COUNCIL DANCE AT BROWN HALL



Guggenheim

Guggenheim

Guggenheim



"I enjoy Chesterfields
because they're really Milder"

Jane Wyman

STARRING IN
"JOHNNY BELINDA"
A WARNER BROS. PRODUCTION



WHY... I smoke Chesterfield

(FROM A SERIES OF STATEMENTS BY PROMINENT TOBACCO FARMERS)

I have done business with Liggett & Myers
for over 40 years. They buy the best crops in
the house at the auctions.

I am exclusively a Chesterfield smoker.
I think they are the best cigarette made.

Allin McDowell

TOBACCO FARMER, NICHOLASVILLE, KY.

ALWAYS Milder

BETTER TASTING

COOLER SMOKING

Always Buy CHESTERFIELD

RIGHT COMBINATION ★ WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS

